

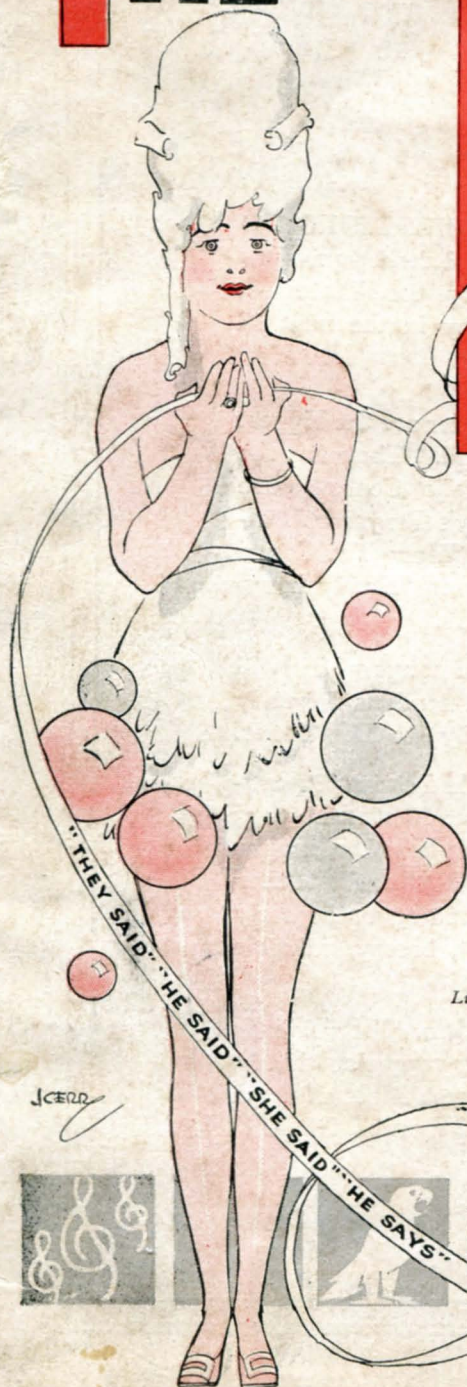
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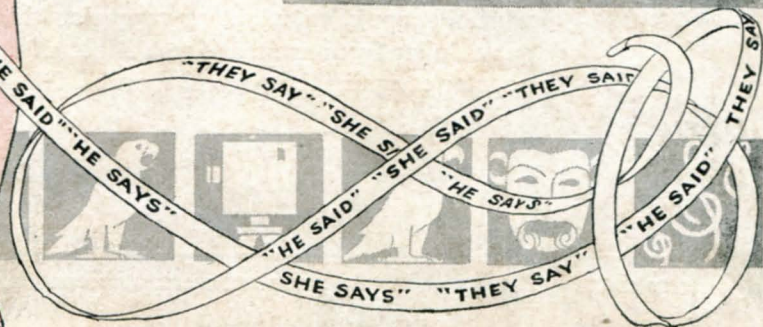
THE TATLER

TIPS
TALES &
TOPICS

SONG
STAGE &
SCREEN



Lillian
Lorraine
in "The
Little Blue
Devil"



LISTEN TO THIS!

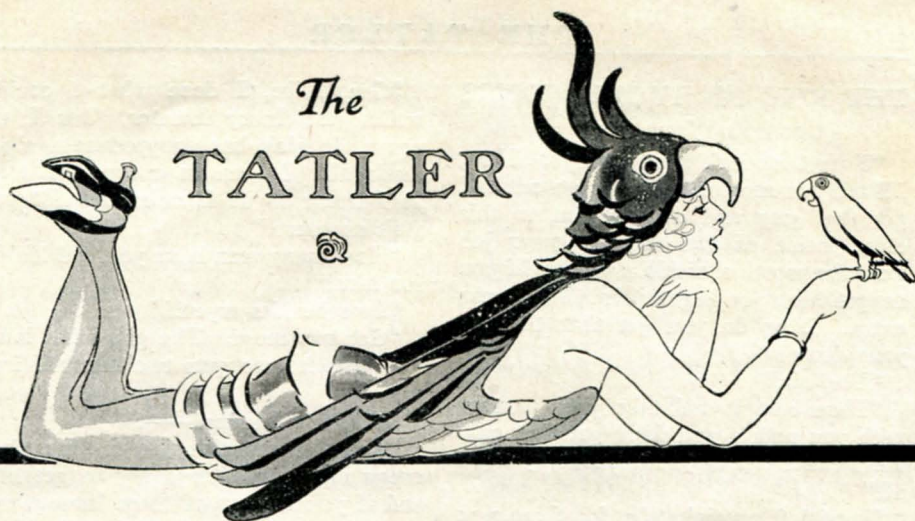
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The TATLER



The Rise of "Ivory" Jones

By ROY K. MOULTON

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters: Alvin Jones, a poor, half-starved song writer, all out of luck, was picked up by the "Ivory Hunter" of Mike Moriarty's saloon and dance hall and given the job of piano player. On his first night he made a tremendous hit by singing his own song "You're All The World to Me." Angela Winthrop, in a slumming party, heard the song and was much affected. The next day by a strange freak of fate Jones was run down by Miss Winthrop's automobile and was removed to Bellevue. In the meantime the music publishers of New York were bending every effort to locate the new genius and had their representatives scouring the city.

CHAPTER III.

OLD Man Merwin of Merwin and Betts, song publishers, chewed an unlighted cigar viciously as he paced up and down the office, stopping occasionally to shoot a terse remark in the direction of young Mr. Betts, who occupied a desk in a far corner.

"Any news from that song writer yet?" he snapped.

"Not a word," replied Betts. "I have had two men on the job for three days and they can't find hide nor hair of him."

"Either of 'em here now?"

"Yes, Nagel is down stairs."

"Call him up here," snapped the old man. "I want to talk to that lobster."

Mr. Betts pushed a button and sent a boy for Nagel, who entered in an incredibly short time, his hat in his hand, and visibly nervous. He was one of the best scouts in the service of the company and his failure to locate the new

song genius, Jones, had got upon his nerves.

"Well, what excuse have you to offer?" demanded Old Man Merwin.

"None at all," replied Nagel. "Nobody knows where this song-writing nut has gone to. Every music publisher in the city has wires out. He has disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up. Even Mike Moriarty, the saloon keeper, don't know where he is. He has got three men looking now and——."

"You talk but you don't say anything," snarled Merwin. "Do you mean to tell me that the man who has written the greatest hit in ten years can just pop out of sight and that a dozen great men like yourself, with brains and everything, can't find him?"

"We have done our best."

(Continued on page 2)

THE RISE OF "IVORY" JONES

(Continued from page 1)

"Your best isn't good enough. Now, I'll tell you something. You go out and get that guy and deliver him to this office inside of two days or your job won't be worth a nickle a week. If you do get him, you'll get a hundred bucks extra. Now do you get that through your dome?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then beat it and take your partner with you and if you don't get that guy, don't either one of you come back, that's all."

Nagel left precipitately, for there was a dangerous gleam in the old man's eye. Nagel knew the importance of finding Ivory Jones. It was back in the old days when song writers were few and far between and a big song hit meant much to any publisher.

Old Man Merwin turned to Betts and said: "I've set my heart on getting that boy and hooking him up with this house. At least six other publishers are looking for him. The one that gets that song gets a fortune, and the kid can probably write more."

A similar scene was being enacted in Mike Moriarty's saloon on the Bowery near Chatham Square.

Mike had the best Ivory Hunter in New York and in those days an Ivory Hunter was a discreet but strong-armed individual who went out looking for possible piano players and singers for the dance hall.

There was not much music in the soul of the big, double-fisted red-haired proprietor of the saloon and dance hall, but when Jones had made the big hit several nights before by singing "You're All The World to Me," Mike appreciated it, especially from a financial standpoint. He wanted to get possession of that song and he wanted to tie Jones up on a contract. Jones would be a great drawing card for the place.

"Well, you big stiff," he said, addressing the Ivory Hunter, "You are certainly some detective. You couldn't find the Brooklyn Bridge. The place for you is on the police force."

"Gee, Mike, I done what I could," wailed the Ivory Hunter, "but I tell youse, de gink has dropped outa sight, that's all. I been in every dive from de Battery to de Bronx and dat guy ain't nowhere."

"How many men have you had lookin' for him?"

"Two besides myself."

"Get two more. The guy what lands this bird for me gets two hundred iron men."

"Gee, two hundred——."

"Yes, I want this guy in my place every night and I'm going to get him, and if you let any of these loose-jawed scouts from the song publishers beat you out, I'll beat you up, personal, so that your mother won't know you."

On the day following these events, "Ivory" Jones, a bit weak from his accident, was discharged from the hospital. Angela Winthrop and her brother Henry visited the hospital just prior to "Ivory's" departure and Henry paid the hospital bill, much against the wishes of Jones. He also slipped a ten-dollar bill in Jones' pocket.

"Oh, no," pleaded Jones, "not that, please. I don't want charity."

"It's only a loan," replied Henry, pressing the money upon him.

"Please take it," pleaded Angela. "You're going to be famous and you can pay it back."

"It doesn't look much like fame to me," said Jones, sadly, "playin' in the back room of a saloon."

"But, you're not going to do that very long," said Angela.

"What am I going to do?" asked Jones. Years of patient work and discouragement had sort of taken the edge off his dream of affluence.

"The first thing to do," said Henry, "is to go to some good song publisher and sing that song to him—the one you sang for us the other night."

"They've always turned me down flat," protested Jones.

"They won't turn that song down," insisted Henry. "Go and see Merwin &

(Continued on page 4)

The Breezy Side of Broadway

A FRIEND of ours says a musical comedy actress has a chance to see a good deal of the country. Yes, indeed, and these days the country has a chance to see a good deal of the actress.

When one of the big companies started on tour this season, the wardrobe mistress carried all the costumes in a cigar box, thus saving a good deal of excess baggage.

Since the war let-up and the ammunition factories closed, there have been a lot of actors out of work.

It isn't going to be so easy to write songs as it used to be. The thirst garages along Broadway are closing up. Nobody can get an inspiration for a song out of 2.75 per cent., anyhow.

It is estimated that 9,763 song writers in New York alone have laid off and gone into other business until the next war.

George M. Cohan and Willie Collier have been singing a duet with some of the home talent shows that have been given hereabout lately. Their song was written by some expert blacksmith or chiropodist. If it were not for the words and the music it would be a great song.

"Did you ever see Gabrielle D'Annunzio?" asked one interesting chorus flapper to another as they walked down Forty-second street. "No," said the other, "but I hear she has a perfectly wonderful voice."

It is reported on Broadway that a certain vaudeville singer who has been doing nine shows a day in a vaudeville and picture house has gone crazy and been removed to a sanitarium. He is laboring under the delusion that he is a film.

Since the song writers have acquired the habit of buying Rolls-Royces, the traffic on Broadway is twice as heavy as it was before. Most of the machines are equipped with typewriters so that the song writers need waste no time but can keep on turning out three or four a day.

Speaking of prohibition the other day, one prominent Jazz Alley song writer said: "I haven't written much lately, but I have got one of the six best cellars in New York."

One question which will be turned over to the League of Nations for decision is whether the songs make the show go or the show makes the songs go.

Speaking of one of Ziegfeld's beauties, a prominent song writer who wrote a song for her, said: "She can't sing, she can't dance and she can't act, but, oh boy, how she can look."

In these days of alterations at rehearsal, it is a wise lyric that knows its own father.

Old Victor Herbert drove into town the other day with a wagonload of manuscripts which he marketed at a little above the usual price.

THE RISE OF "IVORY" JONES

(Continued from page 2)

Betts. They're about the biggest concern in town."

"All right," agreed Jones. "I'll try 'em, but it's no use—I know that."

He bade his friends good-bye and shortly afterwards, caught an up-town car leading in the direction of Tin Pan Alley, the home of music publishers.

It was at about this moment that the excitement in the office of Merwin & Betts reached its height.

Old Man Merwin was positively furious. His men had reported absolute failure in their efforts to locate the song writer. The old man was pawing the air and his staff was getting the full benefit of his wrath.

The boy came in and said there was someone outside who had a song to sell.

"Some boob," roared Old Man Merwin. "There's a hundred of 'em here every day. But show him in. I'll see him."

The door opened and the pale face of Jones appeared.

"Is this Mr. Merwin?"

"Yes," replied the old man gruffly. "Whatcha got?"

"Just a little song," replied Jones. "I sang it in Mike Moriarty's place the other night and——"

Old Man Merwin didn't faint but he certainly changed color. The man he had been scouting the city for had come in voluntarily. Keeping a firm hold upon his emotions the old man asked gruffly:

"Well, what's the name of the song?"

"You're All The World to Me."

"I don't suppose it's any good," said Merwin, "but I'll listen to it. Come on in the back room and cut her loose. If it's any good, I'll tell you so."

He led the way to the little back room where there was a piano, the keys of which had been massaged by one thousand ambitious song writers, none of whom had made good.

Jones, visibly nervous, sat down at the piano and began to sing his song.

The old man stood behind him and as the theme of the little love song unfolded itself, his old face fairly glowed

with appreciation and he rubbed his hands and puffed furiously at his cigar butt; when Jones completed the song and turned around, the old man's face was as stern as the Rock of Gibraltar. He was scowling, and anyone would have bet that Jones' song didn't have a chance on earth.

"How did you like it," inquired Jones, anxiously.

"Only so-so," said Merwin. "I'm not much stuck on it, to tell you the truth but I might be able to use it."

"I wish you could," said Jones. "It would mean a lot to me."

"Well, if I do take it, you will have to stay away from other music publishers. You might write a good one some time."

"Why of course I wouldn't go near any other publisher," said Jones.

"I'll give you five dollars for this song," said Merwin. "It's a fair price because I am taking a chance. I may not make a nickle out of it."

Already the old man was figuring up his profits. This was the best song that had fallen his way in many years.

"Five dollars isn't much," said Jones.

"All right," snarled Merwin. "If you don't want to take that, I can't publish your song, that's all."

"Oh, I'll take it," said Jones, "but all I said was that it isn't much."

"No, but when you get to writing good songs you'll get more."

So the manuscript of the song which was the pride of Jones' life passed into the possession of Merwin & Betts.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Merwin.

"Oh, I thought I would go back to Mike's and play a few nights."

"Nothing of the sort. You get a cheap room up-town here and just hang around here awhile. You can use the old piano any time you want to and just make yourself at home here. Maybe you can write a couple of songs."

The idea appealed to Jones and he went and got a room in the neighborhood—a good \$3-a-week room. In those days they were plentiful.

(Continued on page 13)

The Real Power Behind Prohibition

By WALTER E. COLBY

THIS isn't a funny story. Far from it. Neither is it fiction. Quite to the contrary, it is a true story—the true story about prohibition, and the first time that the truth has been told about the real forces, influences and power that jammed the prohibition amendment through Congress and then brought about its speedy adoption by the State Legislatures. We are telling you this story because we figure you'll be interested. Most people who are broad minded enough to enjoy a popular song, or a moving picture, or a good play, relish a good cooling glass of beer now and then, or a refreshing highball. So we figure you'll enjoy reading these few words.

To begin with, don't run away with the idea that it is the reformers who are responsible for prohibition. The reform element in the country is exceedingly small and without any influence. The Prohibition Party, for instance, struggled along for years, barely existing, growing smaller every year, and never accomplished anything. It was on the national ballot, but all the crosses marked against it throughout the country wouldn't wear out one pencil. It was a joke. So get the idea out of your head that it was the long-haired, long-faced reformers and narrow-minded prohibitionists who put this thing through. They have no more influence in Congress and in the State Legislature than the board of trade in Etah. Who, then, is responsible for the country going dry?

The first real organized force for prohibition was felt in the South. Below the Mason and Dixon line they have a problem—the serious, ever threatening, negro problem. Southerners believed that if they could keep liquor away from the negro he would behave better. So they started the ball rolling. But the big overwhelming power that shoved the thing through was the power of capital—the employers of labor.

These men figured that they could get more work out of their employees if the men were abstemious. You know, all that employers of labor care about is getting as much work as possible out of their men. A mine owner, employing about ten thousand men, once said to me, "If you had ten thousand men working for you, and you paid them off on Saturday night and a quarter of them failed to show up on Monday morning and you had contracts to meet you'd be a prohibitionist too." He was sipping a highball at the time. Oh yes, he liked his.

Who has Congress under its thumb? The money power, not the reform element, surely. Every employer of labor supported the prohibition movement. They're the boys who turned the trick.

When Billy Sunday went babbling around the country, preaching his archaic doctrines, and using language that wouldn't be allowed in the lowest burlesque show, who guaranteed to cover his expenses? In every city he campaigned he was financed by wealthy employers of labor. Sunday preached the doctrine of humility and submission, and this tickled the merchants and factory owners for they knew that every one of their employees who hit the sawdust trail would show up the next day and proceed to work his or her head off as a matter of religious duty. You never heard Billy Sunday say anything against the capitalists. You bet your life you didn't. They guaranteed his bills.

And you'll remember that Sunday yelled louder against booze than against anything else. Yet all his harangues went for naught as was proven in Boston when that city cast the heaviest "yes" vote in its history immediately following Sunday's campaign there. Oh, no, it wasn't the reform element that sent the country dry. It was organized employers of labor.

(Continued on page 6)

Fourteen Points

By EDGAR LESLIE, Author of "Me and My Gal," "Get Out and Get Under," "Dixie Volunteers," etc.

1. If the Statue of Liberty could swim she would have left town July 1st.
2. No more looking under the swinging doors for Popper.
3. The song writers still persist in betting on rheumatic horses.
4. They say Dempsey was enabled to lick Willard because he was good to his mother.
5. Perhaps 'twas the Crown Prince's head that made possible the Kaiser's fondness for wood-chopping.
6. The telephone company's official song is "Don't wake up poor Central, let your business go to h—!"
7. Communion wine is a great advertisement for churches these days.
8. When Sammy Levy goes to heaven St. Peter will probably think the "blimp" has arrived.
9. Why not reduce the strength of Bolshevism, instead of beer, to $2\frac{3}{4}\%$.
10. When are we to have a Lincoln who will free the slaves of matrimony?
11. It's a long, long nose that has no turning.
12. Some corporations are being well watered this Summer, while other stomachs are being dry-cleaned.
13. Now that fruit is in season farmers are busy giving people the raspberry.
14. And to think this was once the land of the free lunch.

THE REAL POWER BEHIND PROHIBITION

(Continued from page 5)

Merchants to a great extent lent their support to the prohibition movement on the assumption that the money that had been going to the saloon people would be diverted into their coffers.

And so while no one was looking they put it over. While everybody was thinking of nothing but winning the war they took their advantage.

And now the same people who banished liquor are going after tobacco on the grounds that the use of tobacco impairs a man's efficiency at his work.

Here's an illustration of the way employers of labor are beginning to look on tobacco. He is a hard-headed, shrewd old farmer in Maine. While talking with him one day last week I asked if he still had Pete working for him on the farm.

"No," replied the farmer, "I let him go."

"What was the trouble with him," I asked, "did he get to drinking?"

"No, but he smoked," snapped the farmer.

"Any particular harm in that?" I ventured.

"Wal, let me tell you something," drawled this cagey rube. "I watched Pete one day while he was mowing the piece behind the barn. He worked along for a spell, then he dropped his scythe, reached around and took out his pipe, knocked the ashes on a rock, reached around and got out his knife, opened it, cleaned out the pipe, then reached around and got his plug of tobacco, slowly cut off a few slices, closed his knife and put it away, rolled the tobacco up in his hands, tapped it into his pipe, put some of the ashes on the rock into the top of his pipe, took out his matches, lit his pipe with a couple of them, picked up his scythe and went to work.

"Naow, he did this about ten times a day and I figured as how it took him all told about an hour a day, time I was paying him for, to do his smoking. So I let him go and hired a feller that don't smoke."

And there you are!

"The Little Blue Devil," the Queen of the Season

By GRANT IRWIN

PROBABLY nowhere, in any field of endeavor, is competition sharper and hotter than among the producers of musical comedy. Each season sees this form of amusement more pretentious, beautiful, sumptuous and withal impressive. The girls are prettier and more alluring and sensuous, and each season you see a little more of them, so economical have the costumers grown in the matter of dress.

In the days of our grandmothers, if a girl contemplated a stage career, she was always vaccinated on the leg so the scar wouldn't show when she dressed for her part. Sounds funny now, doesn't it? They administer the vaccine with a spoon now.

Be that as it may, the girls are more tempting, costuming more elaborate, music more charming, and productions more costly with each passing season. What with the Winter Garden production, Shubert Gaieties, and, above all, the Ziegfeld Follies, it does seem as though the limit had been reached. But now comes along Joe Weber, Esq., with a musical show that promises to eclipse anything yet done. Joe is a little man, but he does big things in a big way and in his new production, "The Little Blue Devil," he is going to break his own enviable record.

Listen to the talent which he assembled for the piece:

Harold Atteridge, famous as the author of the Winter Garden Revue, together with many other successful musical comedies, wrote the book and lyrics.

Harry Carroll, who furnished the music of "Oh, Look!" the "Passing Show of 1914," "Made in America" and "Dancing Around," supplied the musical setting of "The Little Blue Devil." Carroll, you recall, also wrote "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "By the Sea," "On the Mississippi," "There's A Girl in the Heart of Maryland," and other tremen-

dous hits. These are the geniuses who wrote "The Little Blue Devil." You can easily imagine the sort of show it is.

A well-known theatrical man stopped Weber in the street the other day and said:

"Joe, I owe you five dollars."

"What for?" stammered Joe. (You don't hear much of that sort of thing on Broadway. It generally runs, "You owe me, etc.") "What for?" Joe gasped again.

"I saw a rehearsal of one of the acts of your new show and I owe you five for my seat." And the man wasn't joking either. One of the shrewdest pickers in the business, he figured \$5 the fair price for seeing a rehearsal of part of the show.

But to go on with the array of talent. Ned Weyburn, who stages all the "Follies," "Frolics," etc., most internationally famous director in the business, has lavished his skill on the production.

The cast selected by Mr. Weber for the presentation of "The Little Blue Devil" at first glance reveals a rare sense of managerial discretion in its choosing.

Bernard Granville, who leads this exceptional company, needs no introduction, as he is more than well known to theatregoers by the charm of his acting, singing and dancing qualities that established him as a great musical comedy favorite while with Ziegfeld's Follies, Winter Garden productions, and many other prominent musical comedies.

Upon the pretty shoulders of Miss Lillian Lorraine will fall the responsibility of the title role. Her charming personality, youth and beauty thoroughly equip her to very coquettishly enact the part of the little blue devil.

Others to lend their undeniable talent to this assemblage of artists are: Jack McGowan, Edward Martindel, Louise Kelly, Wilfred Clarke, Lynn Cowan, Phil Morgan, Jean Morode and Catherine Duffin.

(Continued on page 10)



*Harry
Carroll*



*Joe
Weber*



*Bernard
Granville*



*Babe
Stanley*



Florence Kern.

*"The Producer of
The Little Blue Devil
and a few of the Talent*



Catherine Duffin

*Ned
Wayburn.*



"Just To Mend Mamma's Heart"

Chorus

Just to mend Mam-ma's heart, I have brok-en my toys; I don't care for my
rock-ing horse, And it's not be-cause;— I'm like bad lit tle boys Don't be won-der-ing
why, They're all brok-en a - part; If you knew how much com-fort it brings,

This is absolutely the greatest ballad of the year—just out, and an instantaneous hit. It is by the author of "Hello, Central, Give Me No Man's Land," and tells of the kiddy who broke his toys to get the strings and things to mend his mamma's heart.

(Continued from page 7)

And if the Sultan of Turkey ever got a look at the chorus he'd turn his harem over to the first one who came along and take out citizenship papers here tomorrow.

The gowns and scenic effects, together with other decorative details, was made under the personal supervision of Livingston Platt, the expert art director late of the Century Theatre.

A brief resume of the story of "The Little Blue Devil" will serve to acquaint the reader with its broad field for hilarious fun. "The Little Blue Devil" is the nickname of a pretty girl, a shimmy dancer no less, who consents to impersonate the wife of a young married man in order that he may find advancement at the hands of his employer, who,

though married, is very fond of flirtations and little suppers with pretty girls. Naturally the plot that revolves around such a story, harmless enough in itself, could hardly be expected to develop into anything resembling a Sunday school lesson.

It has been arranged that "The Little Blue Devil," previous to its New York hearing will have a three weeks' road tour that will include engagements in Detroit, Mich., at the Garrick Theatre, week of September 7th; in Buffalo, N. Y., at the Teck Theatre, week of September 15th, and in Pittsburg, Pa., at the Alvin Theatre, week of September 22nd. After these engagements it will be brought to New York, to remain on Broadway for an indefinite period.

MAYO AND "MARY"

A GOOD ballad singer is about the rarest product of the stage. That may sound like an exaggerated statement, but it isn't. Long years of experience on the part of song publishers have proved this. Not one performer in twenty-five can do it. They can sing them, yes, but they can't "put them over" big, can't get out of them what there is in them. A ballad singer who can put them over becomes a headliner at once. Belle Baker, for instance, is one of these. Hear her sing a ballad and you'll understand what we mean. Another of the few who can handle a ballad properly and successfully is Harry Mayo. You remember, he used to be with the Empire City Quartette. Now he is playing in vaudeville with Basil Lynn in a skit called "A Racy Conversation." Their act is one of the funniest bits of entertainment in the big time, being booked solid. The big outstanding feature of the act is the ballad that Mayo sings. If ballad singers are scarce so are good ballads, according to Mayo, and he ought to know, as he is one of the most experienced pickers in the game. He can tell a hit the minute he hears one but he doesn't hear one very often, he says, and rather than make a change in his act and put on a second-rate ballad, he'll keep on singing the old one. For instance, he had been singing the same ballad for two seasons, and was getting desperate for a good new one when he happened to drop into the office of Waterson, Berlin and Snyder and heard "Oh, What A Pal Was Mary." He was struck with the song the minute he heard it. He had it sung half a dozen times, studied it, then tried it himself, and that night at the Palace Theatre he "stopped the show" with it. After hunting for two years for a suitable ballad he at last found one in "Oh, What A Pal Was Mary." Mayo picks only the good ones which accounts for his long and successful career in vaudeville.

THE WINNER OF THE
"MICKEY" CONTEST

IN the April issue THE TATLER offered a prize of One Hundred Dollars to the reader who should estimate the number of copies of "Mickey" that would be sold before July 1. Hundreds of replies were received from all parts of the country, showing the popularity of both THE TATLER and "Mickey."

The winner of the prize was Miss Mayme Fahy, of 700 West 180th St., New York City. We are glad that Miss Fahy won the prize as it gives us a chance to print a very pretty picture, and we do like to print pretty pictures.



Miss Mayme Fahy

Miss Fahy procured a copy of THE TATLER in one of the Woolworth stores while purchasing several Waterson, Berlin and Snyder songs, and promptly sent in her estimate of the number of copies of "Mickey" that would be sold. Her estimate was 1,434,000, which was a few hundred less than were sold. As soon as possible after July 1 the replies were checked up, and a check for \$100 was promptly mailed to Miss Fahy. The fortunate young lady is twenty years old and a stenographer.

"I've Got That 'Sorry I Ain't Got It, You Could Have It, If I Had It' Blues"

Chorus

I've got that "sor-ry I ain't got it, you could have it, if I had it blues," mean blues, Life to me is just a poor ex-cuse; If mon-ey grew, on chest-nut trees, I'd starve to death, hang-in' round for a breeze - I've got that "call a-round to-mor-row, if I have it you can bor-row hard luck"

There have been all kinds of "Blues" songs but these blues shade them all, deep dyed with humor and with a fascinating "blue" melody that sticks. Play it over and you're gone.

THERE'S ONLY ONE "DADDY LONG LEGS" SONG

THE song sensation of the mid-summer season is "Daddy Long Legs," written by Harry Ruby, and published by Waterson, Berlin and Snyder. This song was inspired by the picture play "Daddy Long Legs" in which Mary Pickford appears and is the official and only authentic "Daddy Long Legs". The song was such a hit that others were quickly dumped on the market, which were suggested by the picture but they in no way compare with the Ruby song. The Ruby song is the one you hear played wherever the pic-

ture is shown, and is going to outsell that tremendous hit, "Mickey."

When you buy a "Daddy Long Legs" song, get this one and save money, for you will eventually buy it anyway.

The exhibitors of the picture country over have recognized this as the only "Daddy Long Legs" number and are using it with the picture.

"I'll Be Happy When The Preacher Makes You Mine," is now selling in its second million. It sure is a hum-dinger of a summer song.

Is Your Birthday This Month?

What The Stars Have To Tell You

August 1-8: Girls born this week will prefer rubies and diamonds to warts, and will be exceedingly brave, insisting upon wearing silk hosiery rather than rubber boots on rainy days. Boys will be prompt at their meals but fond of going out of doors to play about the time they are expected to chop a few kindlings. Both sexes will be more inclined to marry before marriage than afterwards.

August 9-15: Children born this date should be warned early against the dangers of flirting. Many a happy young man and young woman, in flirting innocently, have married each other. Not that everyone born this date may expect so much unhappiness. It is well to avoid attempting to learn aviation by mail, as such a student may, after reaching an altitude of 11,000 feet, under instructions from lesson number 36, find he has dropped lesson number 37 out of his pocket, and thereby be unable to descend in a safe and sane manner.

August 16-22: Babies born on this week will show marked tendencies to play when young. Girl babies will be fond of dolls, and boy babies will be inclined to like go-carts and candy. When the girls marry they will be disposed to ask their husbands for money. When the boys grow up they will be anxious to marry—until after marriage.

August 22-31: Sedate statesmen born this date will, upon arriving at years of indiscretion, say things to their stenographers they will not allow incorporated in their speeches. Girls born this date will be talkative. They will inherit this tendency from their mother, who got it from her mother and so on, back beyond the Neolithic period.

(Continued from page 4)

He would write more songs. Already he had an inspiration. A melody had been running through his mind all day—a beautiful melody. Along in the evening, he decided to go to Merwin & Betts and try it out on the old piano in the back room.

It was a sweltering night in Brewster Hall where Dick Davenport was watching the rehearsal of his new musical show which was to open on Broadway the following month for a long run—if the show was good and for a short run if it was not.

The director was doing his best but the song numbers were going badly. Davenport was nervous for he was backing this show for all he was worth. He had had three failures and if this one went wrong his fortune was lost beyond recall.

"What's the matter with this thing?" he bawled to his stage director.

"Nothing except the songs. The principals are O. K., the girls are willing

and work hard and there is a good book, but the song numbers are bad. There ain't a song hit in the piece."

The dancers were taking a brief rest and the director came over to Davenport who was sitting near an open window which let onto an alley.

He had just reached Davenport's side when, from a lighted room across the alley came the strains of a wonderful melody.

"Listen," said Davenport.

"Great stuff that," said the director.

"What place is that over there?"

"That's the back room of Merwin & Betts music publishing house."

"Go on with the rehearsal, I'll be back in a minute," said Davenport as he grabbed his hat and rushed to the street.

Jones was dreamily running over the keys of the old piano when an excited young man in good clothes burst in upon him.

"Come on, boy—I want you," he panted. *(To be continued.)*

"In Room 202"

Chorus

The musical score for "In Room 202" is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a *p-f* (piano-forte) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "In room two hun-dred and two, — The walls keep talk - ing to". The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment with the lyrics: "you; — Shall I tell ev - ry - thing that they said — Or". The third system shows two endings for the piano part, marked with "1" and "2". The lyrics for the first ending are "put out the light and go to bed? — In" and for the second ending are "go to bed?". The piano part ends with a *D.S.* (Da Capo) marking.

Here's a song that will hand you \$40 worth of laughs. Go right to the music counter now and look it over. And be sure to take your pocketbook along for you're sure to buy it. The funniest song of the season.

Jazz-O-Mine

By LISLE BELL

THERE was a man upon our street
Who lived a life of jazz.
His story has a moral, too,
As each true story has.

He jazzed his way to Sunday school,
He jazzed his way to church;
And when he went a-fishing, why,
He jazzed for trout and perch.

He jazzed his job from morn to night,
And jazzed his lunch at noon;
And when the waiter turned his back,
He'd jazz a fork and spoon.

No quicker did he jazz his food
Than up he sprang and went
To some bright-lighted cabaret
And jazzed away the rent.

But ah, alas, there came a day—
He met his jazzy fate;
A taxi pushed him from the rear
Right through the Golden Gate.

And as he passed St. Peter's throne,
The old saint eyed him sharp.
"I think," he said, "this chap should have
A jazzy golden harp."

Do You Remember?

Little Thoughts For You While Waiting For The Mercury To Drop

HOW you grumbled when you had to go below decks to shake the furnace?

How you growled when you had to carry a hod of coal from the cellar for your wife?

When you wore three pairs of socks to keep your feet warm?

How your wife laughed at you when you twisted that old red muffler around your neck on the sleigh ride?

How you had to duck when the boys snowballed you that night coming home from church with your new silk tile on?

How you slipped on an icy walk and broke two bone buttons right above your hip pockets?

How you snarled when you had to shovel a path through the snow so that the butcher's boy could deliver that pork your wife ordered?

How you fussed around with that cough medicine?

How you flushed when some one chased a moth from the astrakhan collar of your big overcoat?

How heartily you laughed when your frozen water pipes burst?

How you shivered when you got out of bed and walked across the cold oilcloth in your bare feet?

And how you longed for the good old Summer time? Well, it's here.

Why Telephone Girls Can Sing

HAS the telephone girl the sweetest voice? The writer has made inquiries among well-known singing masters, and the opinion seems to be that the telephone, in regard to voice production and development, is of great value.

"One has only to compare the singing of years ago," one of these teachers said, "with that of the present day to realize this. There may have been much music in the singing of the past, but there was certainly little clearness. People did not realize the value of each word, and the care that should be taken to enunciate each syllable."

Nowadays, when the telephone is one of the pivots of our daily life, the neces-

sity to speak clearly and distinctly is obvious. "The telephone girl, who is at her instrument all day, most certainly possesses the foundation of a good singing voice," said one master, "and probably there are many Melbas and Calvas among them."

"Daddy Long Legs," by Harry Ruby, is simply swamping the country. It's a cinch that it will outsell "Mickey," and that's going some.

One of the cleverest popular songs ever written is "If You Want To Make A Hit With The Ladies." It's making a hit with everybody.

"Meet Me To-night in Bubble Land"

Refrain

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeating refrain. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, with some dynamic markings like *mp* and *mf*. The lyrics are: "me to - night in Bub - ble Land — So far a -
- way from Trou - ble Land, — Where there is lots of
joy — That is wait - ing for each girl and

"Bubble Land" is a bubbling, babbling ballad that is making the biggest of hits in years. All the leading vaudeville acts in the country are already using it.

A Few Epitaphs

MISS HEFTY took some anti-fat—
It thinned her out as quick as that!

This monument points up, day after day,
But the guy beneath's not going that way.

Stop here and sob for Pat Kilrain,
He kept on his red shirt when he flagged
a train.

Poor Harold never drank or swore,
He left us aged only four!

Here lies poor Cornelius Tate,
And this was his first bit of real estate!

Here lies Joe Smith, he was the goat,
'Twas some other fool that rocked the
boat!

August Releases for Biggest Song Hits

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.

Jazz Baby.

EMERSON PHONOGRAPH CO.

Take Me to the Land of Jazz.

Take Your Girlie to the Movies.

STANDARD MUSIC ROLL CO.

Take Me to the Land of Jazz.

O, What a Pal Was Mary!

Daddy Long-Legs.

CONNORIZED MUSIC ROLL CO.

When the Preacher Makes You Mine.

The Woman in Room 13.

Q. R. S. MUSIC ROLL CO.

Oh, What a Pal Was Mary!

When the Preacher Makes You Mine.

Daddy Long-Legs.

PATHE FRERES PHONOGRAPH CO.

Take Your Girlie to the Movies.

Oh, the Last Rose of Summer!

Daddy Long-Legs.

Music of the Wedding Chimes.

ROSE VALLEY CO.

And He'd Say, "Oo La La! Wee-Wee!"

REPUBLIC PLAYER ROLL CO.

Oh, What a Pal Was Mary!

STAR PIANO CO.

Take Your Girlie to the Movies.

And He'd Say, "Oo La La! Wee-Wee!"

That Tumble Down Shack in Athlone.

OTTO HEINEMAN PHONOGRAPH CO.

Oh What a Pal Was Mary!

W. W. KIMBAL CO.

The Woman in Room 13.

Take Me To That Land of Jazz.

When the Preacher Makes You Mine.

LINK PIANO CO.

I Always Think I'm Up In Heaven.

MILLS NOVELTY CO.

And He'd Say "Oo La La! Wee-Wee!"

Oh What a Pal Was Mary.

Daddy Long-Legs.

The Woman In Room 13.

BENNETT & WHITE.

When the Preacher Makes You Mine.

EDISON PHONOGRAPH CO.

Take Me To That Land of Jazz.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.

Take Your Girlie To the Movies.

Take Me To That Land of Jazz.

VOCAL STYLE MUSIC CO.

Take Your Girlie To the Movies.

When the Preacher Makes You Mine.

That Tumble Down Shack In Athlone.

RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.

Take Your Girlie To the Movies.

And He'd Say "Oo La La! Wee-Wee!"

Meadowbrook.

Take Me To That Land of Jazz.

Did you read the Announcement on the inside of the first cover? If not, turn back and read it over.

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In the Million Class

When a song sells a million copies you've got to admit it's a hit. Every song below is in the million class. Every one is a smashing hit. You'll enjoy every one of them, whether it is a jazz song, comedy song or ballad.

"Daddy Long-Legs."

"When You See Another Sweetie Hanging Around."

"Music of the Wedding Chimes."

"Mickey."

"What'll We Do on Saturday Night When the Town Goes Dry?"

"Jazz Baby."

"That Tumble Down Shack in Athlone."

"All I Get Is Consolation."

"When the Bees Make Honey Down in Sunny Alabam'."

"I'm Tickled to Death You're Irish."

"Upstairs and Down."

"And He'd Say Oo La La! Wee-Wee!"

"Take Me to That Land of Jazz."

"If You Want to Make a Hit With the Ladies."

"The Siren's Song."

"The Woman in Room 13."

"I'll Be Happy When the Preacher Makes You Mine."

"In Room 202."

"Mending Mamma's Heart."

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